

2062

h/8

---

A  
RUB FROM SNUB;  
OR  
CURSORY ANALYTICAL  
EPISTLE.

---



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

GEORGE W. BROWN

A  
RUB FROM SNUB;

OR A

K

CURSORY ANALYTICAL

EPISTLE:

ADDRESSED TO

PETER PORCUPINE,

Author of the *Bone to Gnaw, Kick for a  
Bite, &c. &c.*

CONTAINING,

*Glad Tidings* for the DEMOCRATS, and a Word of  
*Comfort* to Mrs. S. ROWSON.

WHEREIN THE SAID PORCUPINE'S MORAL, POLITICAL,  
CRITICAL AND LITERARY CHARACTER IS  
FULLY ILLUSTRATED.

PHILADELPHIA,

PRINTED FOR THE PURCHASERS.

1795.

RUB FROM 2120 B;

OR A

EVERETT WINTER

EPISTLE

ADDRESS TO

PETER PORCUPINE

Auction of the Bone



CONTAINING

Concluding for the DECEMBER and a Word

Composed by Mrs. M. H. FOWLER

RESEMBLING THE EARLY MORNING MORAL, POLITICAL,

CRITICAL AND LITERARY CHARACTER IS

NOT DISCOURAGED

1844

THE AMERICAN

PRINTED FOR THE PUBLISHER

1844



## P R E F A C E.

**I** HAVE ever regarded Prefaces as nuisances to publications, and whenever I see them protracted to a greater length than two pages, I generally pass over them in order to gratify my curiosity with more substantial matters. A preface may be considered as something like a beggar's bill, which gives him a greater effrontery in craving a crust of bread or a few pennies; but as I was born under a golden planet, and have always been able to ride in a coach of my own, my necessities do not compel me to usher this performance into the world upon the same footing with those catch-penny pamphlets, the Bone to Gnaw for the Democrats, the Kick for a Bite, &c. If the following epistle meets with encouragement, the printer will be paid for his trouble, and if it "falls into the north of public opinion," it will nevertheless answer the purpose for which I intended it, that is, to hear myself laugh. A little laughter at the present juncture seems requisite to qualify the virulence that some of our nabobs have disgorged upon self-created societies, and to drown the discord of William Wilcocks, and to burst the bag-pipes of the witch of Endor\*, that soft-tongued old dame that has lately grunted so much.

It is some time since I first took up the cow-hide for the purpose of flogging a set of clamorous scribblers possessed of the cacoethes scribendi, that I might laugh at their wry faces; and the first display of my prowess was in a typographical battle with Billy the Bumble-bee of New-York, who, with an owl's quill of tremendous caliber, gammed down with ass's brains and froth, discharged whole broad-sides of calves' heads upon the intrepid Snub, who was little discomfitted at the perilous onset.

\* The Editor of the Gazette of the United States.

*I returned victorious from the field, and have at length undertaken the chastisement of Peter Porcupine, whom I intend to persecute till I scald him out of his hole.*

*I have lately been at several Trout Clubs, merely for the purpose of feeling the pulse of some of our red-nosed politicians, and to hear what they had to say about me; some praised me, some turned up their nose, and some puffed away with great indifference.*

*If these sheets should circulate extensively, I propose to take a bottle or two of wine at some of our hotels, to listen to the remarks that may be made upon this offspring of a jocund heart, and I earnestly warn all persons to take care how they unbosom themselves to strangers, lest they may accidentally speak to Snub incognito, who is full of Democratic blood.*

*Now, all that I have to say further, is, that my laughter will be disconcerted, should neglect, or rather "the north of opinion," press her icy hand upon this production. I shall not cry out for money so sonoriously as some starving scribblers who extol their works in proportion to the vacuities of their bellies, and should the printer hereof make a half joe or two more than the expence of publication, I do hereby authorize him to expend it in the preparation of a turtle-soup feast for the late pot-gutted Stadtholder, and George Guelph, ci-devant king of Old England, to whom I expect shortly to make a low bow upon the terra firma of America. Farewell reader, and I wish you a hearty laugh to yourself.*

I NO 61

# EPISTLE,

TO

PETER PORCUPINE.

---

SIR,

THERE is a certain degree of indignity which every prudent man will tolerate, but an insult persisted in, rouses him to action and justly excites his resentment. Some who are possessed of more delicate powers of irascibility than others, are discontented at every crooked word, and their impetuous resentment urges them to loggerheads before they know what they are about.

Now I never regarded a black eye or a bloody nose as an honorable badge, unless they were received in avenging a most palpable and unpardonable insult, and the man who would not chastize a bully of determined insolence, merits the appellation of a coward.

Your works regarded in every point of view, are a libel upon republicanism, and as you have long wielded your *quills* with impunity, I will undertake to wring your nose and humble your vanity and presumption. I have judged it most adviseable to metamorphose the name of *Porcupine* into that of *Hedge-Hog*, which in its import is nearly sy-

nonimous with the appellation by which you have thought proper to distinguish yourself. With due deference therefore to your *humility*, I will crave the permission of designating you by the name of MR. HEDGE-HOG.

Though through fear of the horse-whip you have long concealed your name and address, yet your secrets are not quite so inviolable as you imagined, and I have authentic information whereabouts you burrow. Indeed, my former suspicions are corroborated, nay almost verified by the turgid display of your criticisms, that you are nothing more nor less than an obscure pedagogue, whose moral rectitude would not bear the test of scrutiny beyond the atlantic.

But you must not imagine, Mr. Hedge-Hog, that I am the editor of the "American Monthly Review;" you shall be convinced to the contrary before I finish this address: I shall undertake to vindicate no boyish phraseology and smock-faced reviews; but my business shall be to portray in vivid colors your incapacity as a critic, and from the suggestions which your pamphlets contain, to trace your pedigree and investigate your moral conduct.

Heedless writers always betray themselves, and inadvertently exhibit a just portrait, an exact delineation of their foibles, and though they have been Newgate scribblers, yet their inconsiderate garrulity betrays all their malpractices.



I shall first proceed to shew that you are inadequate to the task of criticism. Pray Mr. Hedge-Hog what do you mean, when in addressing yourself to the editor or editors of the American Monthly Review, you say, "I do not mean the number of your shop but the number of your person?" This *number of your person* is an expression which (if it has any meaning at all) is as ambiguous as the mystical doctrine of the trinity. You ought certainly to have added an *s* to your *person*, and then the import of your sentence would have been conspicuous; but whoever heard of a schoolmaster's using a noun in the objective (not genitive) case and singular number after a numerical substantive? You might, with equal propriety have said, a *multitude of man*, a *flock of goose*, a *herd of jack-ass*, a "number" of *schoolmaster*, *one owls'* &c. and you would have been equally intelligible. But I have chosen to solve your meaning in another manner: You know I just now spoke about *inconsiderate garrulity*, and your phraseology of *numbering a person* bears some analogy to the numbering of doors: Now, as you may be much better acquainted with the Newgate dialect than I, having perhaps derived your information from experiment, this *numbering a person* most probably signifies marking him with a burning-iron; and that you may have been marked with an R or a T among the *innocent*



*lamb*s will appear by and bye, when we come to speak about *ears*. You see then, Mr. Hedge-Hog, the searing of hides leaves such an indelible impression on their minds, that culprits recoil in their sleep when they dream of hot irons, and when awake they give us some historical suggestion of their former delinquency as naturally as they breathe.

After an indiscriminate use of the pronominal adjectives *this* and *that*\*, you gratify your readers with a very learned and grammatical exposition of the word *pouring*. Your clause runs thus ; “ *Pouring*, like every “ other *gerund*, may sometimes be looked “ upon as a substantive, but never when “ immediately preceded by *by*.” Now what kind of ass-brained criticism and grammatical gibberish is all this ? At school I remember to have taken notice of the gerund in *dum*, and the gerund in *di* in the Latin language : but indeed Mr. Hedge-Hog, I believe you are the first animal that ever scratched up a gerund in the English tongue : Most grammarians I believe will agree that *pouring* is a participle present ; but perhaps your scholastic accuracy has refined our language and superseded the antient use of participles. As I am somewhat of a grammarian myself (though not a schoolmaster remember) I should be delighted “ in scraping an acquaint-

\* See *Kick for a Bite*, page 6th in the 12th and 16th lines from the top.

ance" with you for the purpose of expatiating a little upon your English gerunds. According to your new invented system of grammar, how do you conjugate the verb *love*? no doubt with Latin terminations thus : *lovo, lovare, lovati, lovatum* ; Gerunds, *lovandum, lovandi*, and in conjugating your favorite word *pour*, you will probably say according to the second conjugation *poureo, pourere, pourui, pourtum* ; Gerunds, *pourendum, pourendi*, and in the nouns and other parts of speech you have no doubt made similar improvements for the use of your school ; by this *auspicious* invention English poetry may be adapted to Roman metre, and then we may poetically express your gerund clause thus :

Substantivo no gerund when precedato by flumen *pourere*.

If there are any dactyles and spondees wanting to complete this line in the Virgilian strain, I hope your superior judgment will rectify the error ; for we cannot be too extravagant in our eulogium upon the man, who would rescue our language from barbarism and restore it to Roman purity.

But without any further procrastination we will proceed immediately to the paragraph about "*ears*," where we shall collect much important information, which will elucidate some important facts and occasion a small biographical digression. With regard to the history of the burning-irons (that is

numbering your person) we shall place implicit confidence in your suggestion without evincing so much impoliteness as to require your oath upon the holy evangelists. Then in order to exhibit a contrast to the searing system, and to establish principles by which we are to recognize your person, you say "if you should see a person with one ear hanging down upon his cheek, like the ear of an old sow, that is PETER PORCUPINE, at your service." Some people have strangely conjectured, that by this expression, you insinuate that you have asses' ears; but my conjecture upon this clause is, (and I am pretty confident I have hit upon your true meaning) not that your ear was pulled out by a "brutal pedagogue" but that you have left it nailed to some transatlantic whipping-post, where this long ear may still be seen by those *virtuosi* who are curious enough to travel into the european world. Indeed, Sir, I am inclined to believe that you had a narrow escape, and that in your precipitate flight you brought off part of the rope of destiny because you could not speedily disengage it from your neck; how ought you therefore to spend your breath in anthems, hosannas, and hallelujahs, to that power which rescued you from the jaws of fate! How ought you to waft eternal encomium to that soil which gave you the free exercise of your heels and bore you beyond the pursuit of justice! Ah Mr,

Hedge-Hog, what an awful distance is there between your *numbered* "person" and your poor solitary ear which is continually exposed to the various changes of inclement skies! No doubt to conceal the vexatious defect, you wear a perrywig well drawn down over the holes that were formerly shaded with such beauteous dangles.

Was it not miraculous that you did not dance a hornpipe upon the wind? probably if you continue your panegyrics upon that happy soil, you may soon gain a remission of your delinquencies, and return to your elysium that theme of your praise, in order to visit your degraded ear. Alas, how barbarous and despotic have legislators been to enact a punishment upon a poor innocent ear by excision, and to suffer the iniquitous hand to pass with impunity!

Now I am upon the subject of panegyric I would wish to know from your own lips or rather chops, Mr. Hedge-Hog, what dictated your nervous and animated eulogium "upon the queen of isles" and your execration of the *Sans Cullottes*, alias denominated "Nick Frog" in your *Bone to Gnaw for the Democrats*? I do think you must have an inexhaustible fund of impudence to squeak out against the most victorious army that ever trod the earth, and I cannot imagine why you should "grin horribly a ghastly smile" at the chastizers of your dear countrymen the natives of the queen of isles;

unless you fancied you could vanquish the Carmagnoles by the magic of ribaldry and scurrilous laughter. It is surprising that you should have so jocund a heart at a time of your national humiliation, and your mirth seems as inconsistent as though you were to laugh at a cat of nine tails (under which you have, most probably, often grinned) scourged into your hide when you were hauled up to the bull-ring. Now seriously, don't you think your roast meat countrymen, have had a most genteel drubbing? and is not it strange that Nick Frog should so completely rout John Bull and his buffle headed dukes, that b..... themselves in swimming over rivers, where there was fortunately plenty of water to cleanse off the adhesive ordure? Should you not rather pensively sing,

“ My soul abhors, the din of wars,  
And execrates the flame,  
That prompts the souls, of Carmagnoles  
To abuse th' imperial name!

Ah, dread dismay, disastrous day  
Of shame and overthrow!  
Our vanquish'd sons, threw down their guns,  
And crouch'd beneath the foe.

The tale is true, what shall we do,  
Britannia is undone;  
For ruthless shame, hath seiz'd the name  
Of Guelph's degraded son.

What curse of fate could actuate  
The royal crack-brain'd fire?  
The fool was mad t' expose the lad  
To Nick's puissant fire.”



But upon my soul, sir, I sincerely ask your pardon for this digression from the subject of *ears*, and I shall return once more to console you for your artificial defect of hearing: I feel my curiosity a little excited, to know how you can dispense with your large mouse-traps, with which you formerly caught the whispers of a set of garrulous chaps---What substitutes have you? Your hearing is not nearly so exquisite now as it used to be, is it?---But we'll wave the subject of ears for the present, and as the transition is easy, we will advert to a subject somewhat analogous, I mean the subject of the *whipping-post*.

Though the scripture says, *Judge not lest you be judged*, yet I deem it almost a moral impossibility, that any poor devil of a culprit should lose his rags without having 'gnawed' the post of correction, and therefore, had I as legal authority to strip off your rags as the officers of Newgate, I might perhaps, trace the seams of justice, and the beautiful embroidery of a cat of nine tails diffused over your hide. You have chewed bullets, no doubt, till you have worn your grinders smooth; and many a splinter of wood might your fangs have cleft from the crimson post in your moments of agony.---Humanity recoils at the reflection! I wonder if you laughed then!---Yes, I imagine you did, but it was on the wrong side of your mouth; and did you not lose many of

your globules of snivel as you danced to the tune of thirty-nine?

It is an old adage, the more you chastize a spaniel the more he will fawn upon you, and this proverb is remarkably verified in you, Mr. Hedge-Hog. Had you escaped as citizen Callender did, we should have found you writing something like *political progresses*, and "the world's mad business," about the queen of isles, instead of throwing your works, like calves' heads (as you inform us in the preface to your BONE) into the kennel for the hounds of democracy to gnaw. If mankind like spaniels will kiss the rod of correction, and crouch with passive submission the more you belabor them, certainly then parents and schoolmasters (not excluding you) ought to lash away with their cow-hides till they inspire them with angelic love.

But as there is a particular series of punishment in felony, I ought perhaps to have mentioned the stocks first, because *nemo repente fuit terpissimus*, and you might, in the first stages of your *innocence*, have been hooted at as one of the *babes* in the *wood*; as upon examination, who knows but what we should find that your gambrols are well case-hardened in the service of Cacus and his co-adjutant inmate the dexterous highwayman Cæculus: Not that I would suggest that you were of that class of *gentlemen*; because herein I can adduce no positive testimony of your initiation into the equestrian schools of felo-

ny, where the pilfering pupil is taught the emphatical oratory of *stand and deliver* or *I'll blow your brains out*; and besides, in the perusal of your works, I do not remember to have discovered any expression that corroborates such suspicions, though perhaps upon a re-perusal, I might find something relative to your dexterity at pistoling the gold-loaded defenceless traveller; not that I would insinuate that you are expert at pinking, *alias* denominated duelling; because I believe you to be as groveling a dastard as ever took to his heels, or turned his back upon an antagonist.

You may say, I deal too much in groundless surmises; but I assure you upon the word and honor of a true gentleman, that my asseverations are genuine inferences drawn from your heedless suggestions, and from what extraneous information I have been able to collect. I do not surmise but proclaim absolutely, that you are as base a paltrion as ever trembled; for what can be a more incontestible and unequivocal proof of pusillanimity, what can portray the coward in more vivid colors than your virulent and unprovoked attack upon a woman, whose works discover no traits of infamy, who never injured you, who is not the object of ridicule, whose productions, to which you confine your viperish animadversions, are elevated far beyond the gripe of your malice

and ribaldry, and have undergone the ordeal of review, not by beardless boys who barter their trite conceits about democrats for a subsistence, but by men of candid criticism and intuitive judgment? If you are a man, come forward, female genius ought to be vindicated; for from the literary refinement of the fair sex results man's supreme happiness, and the miscreant who would extinguish the celestial flame ought to be goaded from a civilized community, and to seek an asylum in some savage wilderness, and among those savage inhabitants, whose ferocity is congenial to his dark affections.

No doubt, Mr. Hedge-Hog, you keep yourself well burrowed; you have been accustomed to *close quarters*, you are well versed in the art of hiding, and playing at bo-peep, you have often smelt the approach of the bum-bailiff, and skulked into chimneys for refuge from the clutches of constables, who have watched you as narrowly as cats do mice. You have immured yourself in subterraneous caverns where day light never penetrates, and if you have even the fag-ends, the reliëts of humanity about you, "come forth, come forth thou fearful man," otherwise I will smoke you from your hole in order to slay you, to divest you of your sharp quilled hide, and to render you as harmless as felons, when the massy bolts of Newgate *encompass them about*, and arrest the progress of their slight of hand.



The perverse stars of mankind shed their "selectest" influence upon the world, when miscreants are disgorged from the receptacles of iniquity to prey upon innocence; they ought there to wear hand-cuffs and iron ruffles till they lose the art of scratching and biting, and till they become honest citizens.

It would have been a fortunate circumstance both for yourself and the community, had you been *confined* to the sledge without the possibility of relinquishing it, till you had become habituated to industry, till you were sufficiently inured to the practice of gaining an honest subsistence, without the danger of a relapse to the practice of the crow-bar.

Nature must have had the hysterics when you were born; mastiffs howled, and owls sung anthems to congratulate you into existence, and your jaws must have been furnished with indissoluble tusks expressive of the disposition that was inspired within you. Your final *exit* may be witnessed by thousands, you may shed plenty of penitential snivel, and before you depart to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," you may give the gaping multitude a salutary lesson to avoid the shoals and whirl-pools of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. My commiseration would not be excited to see you dance on the wind, and I should smile at the warnings of such a preacher.

It would be impracticable for me to investigate the *rotine* of all your capers, and the



anecdotes of your life (which would be truly interesting) could be best detailed from explicit information obtained from your own mouth.

From the tenor of your writings I cannot precisely determine the period of your emigration to this country, and therefore to avoid the imputation of anachronism, I shall leave this matter to your decision; though from the intelligence you have communicated to us through the medium of the press, we are authorized in mentioning that you have "frequented Christ church for near about thirty years," and this, if true, is indeed a fortunate circumstance for you; because, from so diligent an attendance, you will be more fluent and better qualified for delivering your *farewell* sermon. The hypocritical assertion of your having frequented Christ church so long was made to declare, that you had never seen the bust of king George II. which was so hostilely assaulted, not by one of citizen Bache's democratic correspondents, as you would pretend, but by a squash-headed pedant, who has only gumshun enough to fabricate a piece of composition, that may be comprised within the bounds of that truly celebrated card, that was presented to the vestry of Christ church through the medium of the Aurora, to give them a categorical warning to demolish the wooden head of poor George, "that *mark of infamy*," which had so remarkable "a tendency to

keep many *young and virtuous men* from public worship." Nay, the card not only contained a demand, but suggested a threat of violence in case of non-compliance with the author's request, and I do suppose, that if the vestry had not erected their ladder up to the scene of "infamy," the church would have received a shower of mud and brick-bats from those "young and virtuous men." Though I have a considerable share of democratic fanaticism, yet I immediately conceived that this card-writer had a superior quantum of asses' brains in evincing his resentment against this poor forlorn image, that nobody had ever seen since the revolution, except himself, and I censure citizen Bache for inserting this card, because I knew it would be imputed to him.

But this digression, sir, is quite foreign to your emigration to this country, and the length of time you have resided here. If you have infested the United States these thirty years, your biography would be peculiarly interesting; but from your subterraneous lucubrations, a prolific genius would find little embarrassment in portraying the outlines of your actions during the American revolution and its concomitant commotions. As birds of a feather ever flock together, you could not long hesitate to declare your predilection for the refugees, and many poor geese may have been unfledged, and pine trees fallen victims to grace your embroidered hide with the *insignia* of toryism--- You

understand me, I hope, sir, a word to the wise, and especially the experimentally wise, is sufficient ; but lest people of a less comprehensive turn than yourself should pause for my meaning, I will speak in more explicit terms. Were you not then one of those royal geniuses that formerly carried so much inflamability about you, and fled, in your honorary robes of tar and feathers, well dogged and pelted with mud by a mob of shouting boys ? This you know, sir, was the Yankee Doodle mode of chastising king-folks, but not so efficacious a mode of reformation as the French guillotine : How you must have gnashed your fangs at this essence of pine and goose-plumage ! indeed I should have been delighted to have seen you in your *imperial* garments.

But, sir, I am somewhat apprehensive that your chastisement might have been protracted too far, and that you were most sorrowfully turned adrift to eat rattle-snakes and bull-frogs in Nova Scotia, “ with as little mercy as they do ” in France, according to your account. Cruel democratic caitiffs, to treat the royal adherents and gold-laced gentry so cavalierly, and to exclude such pious christians so long from the *sanctum sanctorum* of Christ church.

Since that æra, when you were so fragrantly perfumed, that “ the winds were love sick with you,” you have I suppose, led an exemplary life till the late whisky

crusade, when the insurgents huzzaed for liberty and king George; then, like owls, you fancied there was a most propitious night coming on, when you might catch mice plenty, and that there would be but little danger of that tar which once perhaps so *lovingly* stuck to your rump.

Then you seized the auspicious moment to execrate democracy in concert with the whisky boys over the mountains; and to carry your point, so unconscionable were you as to yelp out that all perfection was monopolized by "the queen of isles," and that democrats had not even a mustard seed of virtue: alas, such was your brutal depravity!—You know, Mr. Hedge-Hog, there is no agency in nature but what may be carped at; the fox despised the grapes that were beyond his reach, and the devil scoffed at paradise, so that you see there is no perfection but what is the object of contempt, and your instinct must teach you, that there is no human act that may not be deprecated. Dogs would bark at angels of light were they visible, and sceptics, to evince the superiority of their judgment, find fault even with the works of nature. Homer had his Zoilus and the democrats have been a dainty morsel for some of the horned creation to chew their cud upon.

As the royalists (not tories, because that is too ignominious an appellation) or at least the greatest part of them, hied to "the



queen of isles" for a compensation for their confiscated property, I should advise you to take a trip over especially at this critical moment, and you may probably get out of the region of broken heads and pinking-irons. For your greater assurance of success, be sure to take the "BONE" with you, which will be the best authenticated proof of your cordial attachment to the cause of despotism: but before your departure, do not neglect the publication of a new edition of your works with large additions, and to excite the compassion of *generous* Britons, fabricate a moving narrative about yourself, something similar to the "comprehensive story of a farmer's bull." Herein you may expatiate largely upon the prowess of throat cutting, and detail the particulars of running the gauntlet for robbing hen roosts. You may enumerate the number of houses which were set in flames, and the regiments of sheep kidnapped from the rebels. It will perhaps redound to your interest, to detail the minutiae of your conduct, and to present your countrymen a circumstantial account of your ill treatment. Tell them how often the poor tories have been kicked, hickoried, tarred and feathered in the service of monarchy; tell them the number of hair breadth escapes *you* have had in the field of battle; shed plenty of tears when you present your documents, and your extraordi-

nary case will excite the wonderful sympathy of "the queen of isles."

Now to corroborate my *surmises*, and to assist you in the compilation of the narrative, I have before mentioned, I will lay before you a letter from a particular friend of mine, which I would recommend to your serious perusal, and which will perhaps elucidate many facts that may have escaped your memory.

#### TO CITIZEN SNUB.

"Sir,

"SINCE I have resided in this country, I have considerably interested myself in political discussions, and have even attempted several publications which you will perhaps think officious in a foreigner; but I find that you have a far more cowardly set of printers here than we have in England. Many of my productions have been returned to me with an assurance from the printer, that he was afraid to publish them, or he alledged some other insignificant reason for rejecting them. Such a dastardly principle is the grave of your liberties! Even in our aristocratical form of government, the printers display a greater courage in asserting the rights of man, and from this circumstance alone I conclude, that Britons are charac-

terized by a greater share of magnanimity than the Americans. This pusillanimity in printers will never diminish; and remember I tell you, that you will be insensibly duped into every oppression that the government can impose. Few of your countrymen dream of this embryo calamity; they shun your democrats as though they were contaminated with infectious diseases, but their eyes will be opened before the world is at an end---They will discover, when it is too late, that your democrats were the most strenuous advocates for rational liberty, and that they timely expostulated against grievances that will ultimately foment a revolution. Now your system of puffing has even arrived at a greater perfection than ours; a system which is more dangerous in a republican government than Grecian ostracism was unjust and iniquitous. Your papers teem with the most extravagant and florid *eulogia* upon public functionaries; your President is panegyricized with all the enthusiasm of poetry; nay, your countrymen render him as much homage as the ancients did to heathen divinities, and your Congressmen are a kind of *dii minorum gentium*.

“ But (now for you Mr. Hedge-Hog) the greatest insult to your government that I have yet observed, is a pamphlet which contains a variety of strictures upon Callender's *political progress* of Britain. The style of this pamphleteer is extremely familiar to

me, and though I cannot speak with absolute certainty, yet I do not conceive I should perjure myself were I to swear, that he is the very identical culprit that lost his ears at the pillory, and finally made his escape to this country, by breaking out of Newgate the night previous to his execution. It is probable he arrived in this country prior to the American revolution, and after his escape there was a reward of thirty pounds sterling offered for his head, dead or alive. I have had many suggestions of this fellow's conduct, and I declare to you, I consider him as a perfect nuisance to society. But as I am now beyond my bounds, I shall reserve all further communications till another opportunity, in the mean time I shall remain sincerely,"

Yours, &c.

T. B."

The foregoing letter, you see Mr. Hedge-Hog, is founded upon violent presumption, and we moreover presume, that you have had your pumpkin squeezed through a pillory hole. Your paws were prevented from burrowing, and this disastrous casualty might have suspended for awhile your daily avocations. Were you not choaked by this unwieldy cravat about your gullet, and did not you loll out your tongue? Alas, how many poor devils are obliged to make wry faces, while their weather beaten skulls are



assaulted by a whole shower of rotten eggs, which are *fragrantly* smashed about their ears, (that is if they happen to have any, you know) till the poor wretches are well drenched with volumes of filth. The reflection almost turns one's stomach. They must have most obdurate noses indeed to tolerate such subtle stench, and their sinell must be well inured to the snuffing of such *luscious* perfumes. But we will let you blow a little Mr. Hedge-Hog, and in the mean time we will return from our lengthy digression upon ears, &c. to business of more amusement.

Next to the loss of ears, poverty appears to be the greatest calamity in the world, and culprits are most generally subjected to a most precarious subsistence. Though you merit very little commiseration, yet my compassion was excited to hear you address our beardless reviewer in the following strain, "I can assure you, sir, there is very good money earned at sawing wood, and I have more than once had serious thoughts of taking up the trade." Upon my soul, I believe you. After piteously crying out in the news-papers WANTS EMPLOYMENT, for the space of four or five months to no purpose, you regarded wood-sawing as your only alternative to prevent you from starving; but the catch-penny children of your brain rescued you from this direful necessity, and brought you in a few pennies very *a propos*. If you should be again reduced

by the cold hand of penury, I would advise you to turn your attention to the business of a scavenger, or perhaps your genius is better adapted to a certain necessary avocation, which they say, brings in "*very good money*" to those who have not the most exalted pride.

All your observations appear to be dictated by experiment, and had your inconsiderate parents disciplined you to the profession of hauling ashes, or crying *oysters*, you would still have had your ears, and "the sheriff and gaoler would have had much less employment than they have at present."

Could indigent parents be prevailed upon to bind out their children to chimney sweeps, soap boilers, &c. our streets would be less infested with such swarms of whining, hypocritical beggars.—Towards these poor wretches I have exercised a world of charity, and among the rest it is probable (when you have ventured to skulk from your hole) I have sent you off with many a penny to buy you an indian dumplin, and many an acceptable "*bone to gnaw*" to prolong your existence.

A critic of little penetration may discover a man's calling from his writings, and authors almost always betray themselves by certain technical expressions peculiar to their profession—Thus the use of the words "*morsel*" and "*bone to gnaw*" are the very plainest suggestions of beggary, and the word "*kick*"

indicates the mode by which some poor devil has been turned out of doors.

From certain unguarded expressions we can always designate a quack critic, and when he fancies he proceeds with punctilious circumspection, he measures off his sophism about as skilfully as asses weigh half-joes. For instance, a genuine critic would smile at that squeamish pumpkin headed pedant who would say "*A kick for a bite by Peter Porcupine.*" This you see, Mr. Hedge-Hog, is a most palpable solecism, which would never escape from an intuitive and judicious grammarian. Had you said a bite for a kick, by Peter Porcupine, the expression would have been unexceptionable, and your meaning less obscure. *The kick of a porcupine*, is perhaps a highly figurative expression, and one of your most brilliant tropes and rhetorical flourishes. With equal propriety a thick sculled pedagogue would say *the scratch of a calf*, the *but of a goose*, the *hooking of an ass*, &c. Now these modes of phraseology appear to be the most barefaced insult to rhetoric, and evince a more contemptible pedantry than the gasconade of Neverout. Had you said a *kick for a bite by a Jack Ass*, the expression would have borne a grammatical ordeal; but *the kick of a porcupine* seems a childish conception, and to a critical observer, suggests the imbecility of what is to follow.

From these tropes, the transition is easy

to others which are stretched a little out of the ordinary course of nature, such as “*you are sailed into the north of their opinion, where you might hang forever, like an icicle upon a Dutchman’s beard*” \*—This is what may be called forced or affected wit, or more properly a figurative *bathos*, and witticism with the gripes. This quotation is rather a chain of metaphors “*hung*” (you know!) like potatoes upon a string, with which you sport as expertly as boys play at jack-straws. The idea of *swinging* naturally occurs, and you find it as impossible to divest yourself of your *choaking* reflections, as for the leopard to change his spots or the Ethiopian his colour: But this is foreign to our criticism upon the above clause; the personal pronoun *you* refers to the editor of the American Monthly Review, who by the word *sailed* is figuratively represented as a *ship*, which *sails* into an *opinion* where she *hangs* like an *icicle* upon a Dutchman’s *beard*. This is a curious hotch potch of discordant similes and metaphors; and a penetrating genius might very probably discover some exquisite allegories among these figurative ingredients. But let us attend more minutely to our text: the editor by the magic wand of sophism is sailed into opinion, where he is suspended; that is the editor sails till he gets hung in the regions of opinion. Such stuff, Mr. Hedge-

\* Kick for a Bite, P. 20.



Hog, upon a second consideration will make you scratch your head where the lice don't bite—By what algebraical solutions or *hocus pocus* will you navigate our editor over the billows of opinion? and upon what friendly shore of opinion will you find a tree where you can *hang* your ship?

A voyage into opinion, is analogous to a race into absurdity, or a flight into thought; and the hanging of ships is like the sailing of apples. Where your pupils guilty of such absurdities, I am confident you would cowhide them, and critics who would torture language in this manner ought to chastize themselves like Don Quixote and Sancho Panca.

With due submission to your superior intellect, I will attempt to rectify this objectionable passage, and the true spirit of your writing will be restored. You should have said, “I ought to be *carted* into the *commons* where I might *hang* forever like a *convict* upon the *gallows*.----Here the purity of the figure is preserved, and no critic can object to it as it now stands; but as the clause runs in your works, I would defy the most penetrating Hermes to comprehend you; for what could you mean by *sailing into opinion* and the *hanging of ships*? unless perhaps this is the current phraseology of Newgate, where you might have had the most favorable opportunity of learning such phrases, as naturally as hogs grunt or parrots pronounce

*pretty pol.* Whenever you astonish the world with this dialect again, which is only intelligible among pick pockets and cut throats, I hope you will subjoin a key (which I need not describe to you) or explanatory notes, and not suffer us to be bewildered in the labyrinths of obscurity, because you have had a peculiar education.

We will now relinquish the subject of *hanging* and advert to that of kidnapping, *alias* playing at *hide and seek* with the bum-bailiff: And I must ingenuously acknowledge, that my compassion was much excited towards you, when I heard you cry out with apprehension, "I could hardly persuade myself that I was not reading a *declaration* drawn up against me"---you were, eh! and as no declaration could be drawn up against men of your profession without the intervention of the sheriff or some of the heroes of the cudgel, therefore there must have been some preparatory steps to this declaration, and you were, no doubt, unmercifully seized upon by these curst harpies of justice, as dexterously as Carlisle formerly seized those hosts of long snouted *gentry* that paraded the streets.

I am surprized you skulked from your hole with so little circumspection, at a time when you were in such critical danger of being hauled over the coals. Good reason indeed have you to execrate those "limbs of

the law" which we judge has unlimbed you, (*you know*), that is, shaved off one or two of your "ears" so snugly, that your pate which formerly passed for an ass's skull, might possibly now pass for the head of a goose. Alas, how many sad mutations has your poor carcass undergone in this world! your instinct experiences a correspondent decay, and it is no wonder that they who are incessantly terrified at the approach of constables with warrants, should write like a herd of jack asses.

Such a continued series of sorrows must have silvered over your fur, and distorted your visage into that "ferocious grin" to which our thrice eminent reviewer alludes. But to conceal this defect of nature, as well as the defect of art, you have, I suppose sagaciously substituted a commodious wig in the place of your fur; this will answer two invaluable purposes: it will shield you from the imputation of old age, and hide your beautiful little ear-holes, that were once so prominently shaded by a huge pair of lugs, that were vastly longer than "the ear of an old sow."

You know, Mr. Hedge-Hog, that gallows-birds have always that suspicious, ghastly peculiarity of look which betrays their villainy, and the physiognomist could easily discover the traces of the cat of nine tails, branding-irons, pillories, rotten eggs, &c. strongly depicted upon their weather-beaten

phiz. Thus there is exquisite expression in a miscreant's countenance---traits of infamy are there indelibly engraved, and when you speak to him, he assumes such wildness of look, that one would imagine he was ready to fly out of his skin.

But if you have no objections, Mr. Hedge-Hog, we will dispense with the subject of wry faces, and regale ourselves with a few sentimental pinks and roses ; for I begin to grow weary of descanting upon cottillions, and *kicks* and *bites* at the whipping-post--- However, previous to our digression into your *dashed meads*, we will make a cursory remark or two upon *see-saws*, and put your criticism to the test. All critics, of whatever description, ought to have the eyes of an Argus, and to some "*ears*" are very necessary appendages, nay, indispensably requisite, and those poor devils who have had the misfortune to lose them are only second hand critics : for the truth of this, I dare say you can vouch.

I acceded to the propriety of your animadversion upon our beardless reviewer's "*mirthful laughter* ;" but indeed my mirthful laughter was wonderfully excited, to see you fall into the same error which you condemned. There was such exquisite fun in see-sawing, that you could not refrain from this rapturous exclamation " It is like turning from the *frowns* of *surly* winter, to behold the *smiling* spring come dancing o'er



the daïsied lawn, crowned with garlands and surrounded with melody.” Softly venerable fir, let us smell this posy of Helicon till the sense is surfeited ! This I believe is the first instance of your squeaking in the strains of inspiration, and these sublime conceptions only require rhyme or the metre of blank verse, to exalt them to an equal dignity with the songs of Homer, Pope, or Darwin—Here are beauties as thick as clusters of lice upon a beggar, or as swarms of flies round the temples of Cloacine. But the most palpable and prominent features in this short prosaical poem are “ the *frowns* of *surly* winter” and “ the *smiling* spring.” Now you that hooted at “ *mirthful laughter*” and “ *ferocious grin*” make no apology for those errors in yourself which you upbraided in others. In point of propriety, *surly winter* and *smiling spring*, is equal to *cold ice* and *wet water* ; and these epithets appear to be merely expletives, or rather, as grease to make the wheels of inspiration fly round more glibly ; *surly* is a counter balance to *smiling*, and they are only used to fill up the chasms of discord, and to produce music like the sounds of distant jews-harps. I would not believe that I had reached the dominions of Urania, till I found the poor word *o’er* emasculated in order to make him sing as melodiously as an Italian eunuch, and the elision of *v* you regarded as the true criterion of all musical merit.

I do think that *nature* was in a musical mode when she introduced you into existence, and certainly you were formed for thrumming upon the banjo, or drawing together a gaping multitude of negroes, to be "surrounded with the melody" of your enchanting jews-harp. By a little *practice*, you might become a second rate poet Laureate instead of a p--k p---t, and if you should not be able to dispose of the cob webs of your brain, you might have recourse to ballad-singing—This business is far more eligible and honorary than beggary, and though your voice may be as discordant as the bayings of bull dogs afflicted with the asthma, yet there is a certain Italian method of rendering your lungs as rapturously musical as the voice of seraphs: though by some casualty of love or otherwise, your pipes may perhaps be already susceptible of the most delicate sounds, and on the other hand happy will it be for the community, if you are destitute of issue; because there will be no more chips of the old block to contaminate the world, and to pass through the inhospitable regions of whipping-posts and rotten eggs. Happy Pennsylvania! that those scourges of the refractory are abolished! and now Mr. Hedge-Hog, you may sharpen your claws for mischief; there is no danger of ropes now, and provided, you do not stain your long knife with the heart's blood of some poor wretch, you will only be compelled to

pick oakum and saw stones, as a restitution for future enormities.

But I have digressed from the realms of Parnassus, and neglected the subject of laureateship. Poetry is certainly a most angelical talent, and prevents many snivelling, languishing hordes of lovers, from blowing their brains out, by driving them out at midnight to meandering streams and deepest woodland recesses, where they spend whole tempests of sighs and rivers of brine, singing the inconstancy of some flirting jilt. Beaux of inspiration are ever acceptable to the ladies ; especially if they are dabblers at weaving rebusses, acrostics, and other fag-ends of poetry ; and even “ sow eared ” asses would please, were they to bray forth *smiling spring, daisied lawns, surrounding melody*, and groups of garlands. I remember when I was at college, we had a remarkable thick-headed love-sick poet, who had a wonderful predilection for the laureateship of our seminary of learning ; whereupon some ludicrous shavers gutted a huge squash, and decorated it with emblematical laurels the *insignia* of inspiration. This Parnassian helmet enveloped our poet’s head, and he was paraded with great eclat through the college. Now, sir, were the brains of your animated squash extracted, and the shell embellished with cabbage stocks and pumpkin rinds, and put over an ass’s scull, we might have another rare farce. You might even rival Peter

Sh--t Metre\* the cob-web poet, *alias*, emphatically denominated, the *Witch of Endor*, and with a mere trifle of practice, you might become the most ostensible champion of the gagging system, a perfect phenomenon in the *kingdom of letters*.

If your first attempts should prove abortive, she will touch your *hallowed lips* with the ordure of inspiration, and legions of tropes with fiery wings, will swarm about your genius like the locusts of Egypt. You will even dream in metre, and Endor, for dispelling the clouds of anarchy with her magic wand, shall quaff her belly-full of democratic blood in the elysium of aristocracy. This old dame's tusks are sharp enough to

\* Now lest you may never have quenched your poetical thirst in the streams of Peter Sh--t metre, I will refer you to the Gazette of the United States of March 28, where you may lap a little of the essence of quintessence. Here follows an astonishing sample of poetry that flows like a stream of liquid sugar-candy in all the majesty of *bathos*!

“ Why SNUB  
Will rhyme to CUB,  
And I will GRUB  
A cudgel to Drub  
Upon his empty pate.”

Rare!—It almost takes one's breath away!—And “ I will GRUB, eh!—First rate inspiration, this!—By my soul I do not wonder that people should call it the Grub-Street Gazette! It certainly was a detriment to agriculture, to drag this dexterous *Grubber* from his native swamps and quagmires, to flourish with his grubbing-hoes and pick-axes in a news-paper. I wonder how long this Peter Sh--t Metre has been caught.



gore out the guts of a myriad of democrats; and, conscious of her power, I had once some notions of conciliating her friendship by entering into a treaty of amity with her: nay, I even wrote to her, soliciting an alliance for the purpose of subjugating all the American states; but I believe she was invincible, and rejected my overtures. The dauntless Snub was then brim full of ambition and the notions of sovereignty, and he thought he might as well set about this arduous business in earnest; he was almost infatuated with the idea of becoming an American Cromwell, when Endor as vigilant as the dog in the manger, frustrated his designs. I proposed to subdue all the New England states first, and I offered to give this old queen of moon-shine, if she would assist me, all the Carolina negroes for her share. I thought SNUB THE I. by the grace of God, KING of AMERICA, would sound most enchantingly. Alas, these were the golden dreams of ambition! and my fancied bliss vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision.

You must not imagine that I was a member of the *self-created* societies when I indulged myself in these excentric reveries of ambition: I became a member merely to check my visionary hopes of dominion; because they profess the most implacable animosity against *ribands* and *stars*, *high mightinesses*, *lords*, *devils*, and *puissancies*—They dissemi-

nate the principles of equality, and they will never suffer any arch holinesses of satan to tread upon their necks, or with criminal humility, subscribe themselves "*your most obedient humble servants, ready to black your shoes if you please*"---They are instituted for cultivating the knowledge of rational liberty, and they have never yet grasped at the imperial sovereignty---They will ever assert the majesty of the people, and teach them to be vigilant in expunging the excreffences of aristocracy, which spring up like weeds in every government.

No wonder then our lords, spiritual and temporal, made such a hue and cry after those "*nocturnal prowlers*" who had such unparalleled presumption as to pry into their secrets, and to question the sanctity of their legislation! Such a hubbub for paying a pretty compliment to the President was never raised in Congress before. There the dexterous prober \* of sores spouted away with his baboonish phiz and long anatomical scalp-ing-knives, and formally proclaimed that Madam Liberty had unfortunately caught the poll-evil, which would finally bring on spasmodic affections. He was of the opinion that the most efficacious mode of curing this virulent irruption would be to cut off Mrs. Liberty's head, as Doctor Last used to cut off great toes in order to cure corns; but

F

\* A Delagate from Maryland.

upon a more mature consideration, he was apprehensive he should incur the imputation of empiricism, and therefore thought it most advisable to insinuate his long snipe's bill into her brains most *emolliently*, that she might die away snugly without kicking much.

The next that wedged in his gibberish, was the *New-Jersey Goliath*, whose countenance bore some resemblance to that of a snapping-turtle, and he stood ghastly austere like a death's head with a bone in his mouth. He elevated his visage towards the skies, as though he were winking at the stars, or coaxing Apollo to give him a coal of fire to light his pipe---Some say he strained himself into a partial crimson; but I should rather suppose he blushed like an oven-swab steeped in a tar-bucket. At every snort he gave, alas, said I to myself (for I was present) the cause of democracy is going to pot fast, and we have nothing to do but open our mouths to admit the gag of proscription! my heart was appalled---it palpitated though I was a Democrat; but I do believe in my soul I was more frightened at the appearance of this raw-head and bloody-bones, than at his boisterous homespun eloquence, and I have since established it as an apothegm, that it is the most fortunate circumstance in the world for orators, as well as beggars, to be ugly. Never was I so much enamoured of ugliness in my life, and I thought to myself, had I been favored with this characteristic stamp of

nature, I could easily grin the Union into slavery.

He that would aspire to the eminence of the irresistible Demosthenes, must not mince, and simper, and ogle ; but he must grin and look blue in order to frown his audience into conviction : the meek-eyed serenity of evening inspires men with lethargies ; but thunder-gusts disgorging hail stones and blue lightning, will *gently* wake them up if they chance to fall asleep in the field.

The logic of a delegate from Carolina, who had eaten roast beef in the queen of isles, though brief, was nevertheless nervous and acute. He attempted to prove that *a man with a belly full of pudding had no ideas?---* don't stare!---and further, that *because Congress had never done much business after dinner, therefore the nocturnal meetings of the Democrats were illegal!!* Upon my veracity I am not joking! hundreds heard the same torrent of eloquence as well as myself. Tho' I have read legerdemain and studied the Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, Michael Forrest's poems, and Tom Thumb, yet I cannot for my soul demonstrate to myself, *why pudding should prevent a man from thinking!---* Because Congress do no business after dinner, *ergo*, Democrats can do no business in the dark! This is what is termed a syllogism in *Balarido*, and I am surprized that the Democrats should exorcise devils and



hobgoblins, after such ample conviction of their turpitude.

Let the rascals disperse and cease their nocturnal incantations! what a shame that they should practise their charms, and spells, and magic, and ride over the clouds on a rail! Why do they invisibly pinch infants in their cradles, and scald off the hair of cows? So dismally have they howled their midnight orgies, that the moon has been ashamed to rise, and Mr. A . . s, conscious of the iniquity of "incantation" sweated huge drops of blood in proscribing them. Such were his apprehensions of their malignancy, that I believe he skinned his knuckles in striking fire out of the tables, and wrought himself up to such an extacy of enthusiasm, that his grinders churned foam, and snivel oozed from his nose.

Some countrymen who happened to be present, fancied democrats to be something like Bell and the dragon, with horns to hook at them. They conceived them to be forty feet long at least, with scales as big as frying-pans, and stings as long as corn-stocks. He expatiated largely upon the incantations sung, and whirlwinds supernaturally raised by the democrats.

Now, I who have always been a most strenuous advocate for the liberty of speech, and a free investigation of the conduct of public functionaries, am most religiously of the opinion, that witchcraft, conjuration,

and the raising of devils with whirlwinds, smoke and brimstone, ought never to be tolerated in a republican government; and I would therefore rigidly enjoin it upon Congress, to adopt the statute of Henry VIII. against *enchantment* and *sorcery*, and to punish all offenders without benefit of clergy, who shall hereafter invoke evil spirits, or drag rotten carcases from their graves to be pulverized into magic *nostrums*.

The ass\* with the ungalled back, thought he would bray a little too, and immediately began to kick up his heels, and — at those ignoble members who winced like fore-backed horses, when the saddle of aristocracy was about to be clapt upon the backs of their constituents. His gabble amounted to about as much as that celebrated discussion upon that momentous word “A,†” which, according to my calculation, cost the Union *three hundred and thirty-six dollars and fifty-two cents!!* and it is very probable, at the next session, we shall have a very learned *analysis* upon B, C, Q, and X, or some other very important letters, by which every member will earn his six dollars a-day with as little trouble as though he had a *sinecure*: not that I would declaim against Congress-wages, for I think they ought to have at least ten dollars a-day; otherwise an ho-

\* A NOBLEMAN from Connecticut.

† See the journals of congress.

norable member from Jersey, should he not resign his seat, will not be able to keep Mrs. B. .... in town during the next session ; \* for it is the most unfortunate thing in the world, for man and wife to be separated, and how drearily does a long winter's night pass away without a wife ! Ten dollars I think will defray all expences—The honorable representatives may then play cards and dice, and billiards, and do many other things----They may have balls, and sweet-meats, and sugar-plumbs, and cookies, and mince-pye ; and Mrs. B. .... may afford to knock off a few bottles of Madeira with some of her soft rosy'nosed visitors, without sinking her honorable spouse forty shillings below *par*.

Now after making a most obsequious bow to Mrs. B. ...., I will return once more to Congress, to see something about the famous Massachusetts psalm-singer, who defined *republicanism* to mean "*every thing and nothing*." He is one of those northern brunettes of such *facinating* countenance, that one would fancy some Idalian Squaw had often kissed him in his infancy, and I believe he would have discomfited the democrats had he not sung with one hand skewered up behind him. His eloquence would have been fatal had it not sounded so much like quaker-preaching, or the chanting of

\* See his Speech in the House of Representatives.

lullabies. His logic was remarkably well thatched with metaphors and he sung psalms as follows. "*Were we to see a gun fired at a man, and the man fall, who would say the bullet did not kill him?*" I would---he might have been killed by the ramrod or the wadding; and even beans or pumpkin seeds are ponderous enough to kill some cowards; and I do believe that a discharge of snuff or pulverized loaf-sugar, would launch many a sinner into eternity; but to apply the figure: The wicked machinations of self-created societies being discharged like bomb-shells out of the chimney of *aula democratica*, flew away through the air to the land of whisky, and quickly dispatched the insurgents---Yes, yes, I have always been of this opinion. I believe the "*incantations*" of the democrats frightened those anarchial geniuses out of their wits, and that the express reprobation of the whisky-guzzlers from *wizzard-hall*, contributed to the success of our arms; nay absolutely quelled the insurrection; for certainly if the heroes of magic have the power of raising hobgoblins, they have also the power of laying them.

But more to our text:—It would have made a dog laugh to hear the various surmises and opinions of our honorable representatives in the minority, respecting the forcerers of democracy. Some said they were self-created, and some said Genet created them, they were the ordure he left be-



hind him in his journey from Charlestown to Philadelphia. Some said they were "*the rags and fritters of society*,"--the off-scourings of the earth,—mice shooting straws at the Capital; and yet these puiſſant mice had fomented ſuch "whirlwinds and fires of diſcord" that the Union was driven to the very precipice of anarchy.

Thus the building of Babel went on, while ſome tongue-tied *lords* who had only been accuſtomed to curſying up and down, promoted the general hubbub by cracking nuts, and coughing, and hawking, and ſpitting, and giggling, and many other contrivances to kill time.

I do not however intend to turn the current of ridicule upon the patriotic majority in Congress, who certainly deſerve the plaudits of their country, and I have deſigned the preceding obſervations as no ſatire upon thoſe virtuous members who vindicated the right of free enquiry. Mr. M..... is peculiarly the object of encomium, and the remembrance of his eminent ſervices ought to be indelibly impreſſed upon the minds of his countrymen. His unſhaken integrity and arduous exertions to enhance our national dignity, recommend him to the moſt cordial ſteem of all ſincere patriots who know how to appreciate his merit.

Nor would I withhold the tributary eulogium from Mr. G...s, who diſplayed his eloquence and evinced his patriotiſm by op-

posing a proposition which was intended as an insult to the majesty of the people. His zeal in averting the designed infringement of our liberties ought to excite our warmest esteem, and a tribute of gratitude is justly due to the merit of a man, who may be considered as one of our ablest statesmen.

While the house was equally divided upon the question of censure upon democratic institutions, our fate was suspended in F.....k A.....s M.....g, the speaker, whose prompt decision in our favor, gauranteed to us the right of political investigation. Patriotism, which is one of the most prominent traits of his character, could not suffer him to hesitate for a moment, and by his vote the democratic scale preponderated. A man of his distinguished worth is ever dear to his country, and may ardent gratitude transmit the remembrance of his virtues to the latest posterity.

Now let us recapitulate, and concentrate all the arguments of the minority, in order to confound the democratic magicians. *They have given liberty the itch and poll-evil, and have been so very uncongress-like, as to do business after dinner, when a well stuffed marrow inspires lethargies. They have conjured up ghosts and demons, and therefore ought to be proscribed.*

Here we have *multum in parvo*, and now I think it is high time to adjourn.

G

After this rumpus for proscription, there sprung up many courtly scribblers like toad-stools out of a dung-hill, who have almost choked us with their saw-dust and ashes, and the Witch of Endor has become as fat as a crammed turkey-cock. Among the sons of fustian and gasconade, who dipt their owls' quills in the fountain of asses' milk, there is the news-paper nuisance *Germanicus*, who has passed as silently as a ghost through the atmosphere of politics. I would descant upon his nonsense, but I should only make myself sick with laughing, and therefore I shall just stick a pin into this huge blown bladder in order to let out the wind, that our chuckle-headed swimmer may quietly sink down without deforming the surface of politics any longer.

It might be considered, Mr. Hedge-Hog, as an unpardonable affront, were I to neglect a celebrated divine who lives not quite seventy-four miles from Princeton. He has been dismally apprehensive of being bewitched by the forcerers aforesaid, and has therefore burnt out almost thirteen pounds of tallow in the fabrication of fasting and national gratitude sermons, that are to operate something like the rattling of horse-fiddles, or the blowing of cow-horns to frighten away the evil spirits of democracy. Notwithstanding his consternation, he does not

forget to bullyrag Tom Paine,\* and to lambast those *forerers of darkness*, who attempted to overset the rock† of the Union. Forty two miles did he trudge through thick and thin, Jonah like, to save this our Nineveh by reading a sermon, and may heaven reward his labors! May the fountains of Helicon gush from his brains;—And may all curbers of the *factions*, sip nocturnal inspiration from the lips of the muse of Morven,‡ at the limpid streams of Stony-Brook, nor be pestered with a d.....n wife;—May they never be dragged head foremost down the steps of Nassau-Hall,§ nor be pelted with brick bats and potatoes;---May they speedily pray every rascal of a democrat into purgatory to be broiled like beef-steaks; and if necessary, may they convert the Septuagint into bomb-shells to punish jacobinical infidelity; and for their vigilance in averting the

\* Speaking of Tom he says,

“ Another instance I shall quote  
Religion’s odious to a *foe*.”

There is absolutely poetical majesty in this lampoon, which is to be seen in his DISCOURSE upon the subjects of national gratitude, and no one can hesitate to pronounce it the most invaluable quibble that ever embellished the page of a sermon. I think our preacher would astonish angels in epic poetry, and Peter Sh—t metre ought particularly to attend to this distich.

† The President.

‡ An eminent poetess—see Ossian’s poems.

§ New-Jersey College.



powers of democratic magic, may they eat chicken-pye with St. Peter ; may they interfere in government, and may all self-created societies who oppose their participation of temporal honors, be gouged till their eyeballs dangle down like potatoes hung upon a string---This is the prayer of Snub, and a devout prayer it is.

The two sermons of our divine, seem intended to pave the way to the restoration of ecclesiastical power, and I am surprized such an opprobrious spirit of lollardy should prevail in those days of modern refinement ; for I am decidedly of opinion, that the temporal power ought to be vested in spiritual hands : We should then perhaps have a new race of bonners to revive the roasting system ; we should then perhaps have plenty of bare-footed princes, arch-holinesses *jure divino* treading upon kings' necks, and the kissing of great-toes ! the very anticipation of which luscious obeisance makes one's mouth water ! alas, how has the divine purity of christianity been sullied by the depravity of human nature !

Had our literary Dionysius as much political as he is said to have collegiate despotism, he would lash away as cavalierly upon the democrats as he belabors his sniveling pupils ; but should he continue to disgorge his virulence upon us much longer, perhaps some democrat who has spirit enough to resent the insult, may wring his sanctified snout and

dam up the torrent of his pulpit calumny. The sublime principles of christianity do not sanction such impertinence, and it is hoped our divine will hold in his horns a little, for we feel a most dreadful reluctance in having our guts gored out so unmercifully.

It is indeed very strange that this sermonizing scourger of the democrats, should stand in such high repute among the toast-drinkers of New-Ark in Jersey, who sanctified their punch with his two sermons ;\* perhaps with the superstitious notion that it would prevent them from having the gripes. Suffer me to give the business a poetical cast :

So righteous were the New-Ark vermin,  
They sanctified their punch with sermon,  
Which was scratch'd into being with  
The rev'rend paw of one Sam S——,  
Whose holy grinders "*sine qua non*"  
Might bite in two a brazen cannon.

Now who ever heard of sermons being toasted? By my soul, bacchanalians might as well toast dish-clouts or soap-tubs! He must have been some barren brained genius who wrote such nonsense! Nay, some skeleton of an owl whose ghost now screams along the meanders of Styx! else why would he attempt to turn our stomachs with such a motley and impious mixture as punch and

\* One of their toasts was tantamount to the following,  
" May Dr. S——'s two sermons speedily undergo a second edition!"

sermon? or why would he evince such inanity of reflection, as to defile the sanctity of a sermon by entering it upon the records of a grog-shop? This toast is certainly no compliment; nay, there is only one other mode of offering it a more signal insult, and a *religious drunken* frolic is, perhaps, the most singular phenomenon in nature! This toast is something like grace said over grog, to make it operate well, or a prayer to usher in the æra of black eyes, bloody noses, &c. ---a most curious conceit indeed! and even a marriage of snapping-turtles with nightingales is not more extraordinary than this toast.

From New-Ark I will just take a trip to Elizabeth-Town, to pay a visit to the celebrated *self-created* society, that convened there for the express purpose of cursing all self-created societies indiscriminately, and themselves among the rest; and I would dine with their president, Mr. W.....n, that most *staunch* whig during the late war, but I have unfortunately very urgent business with *little* JONATHAN, the Grand Sachem and chief skunk-catcher of Tammanial Hall, whose *poppooses*\* lately came forward with gourd-shells† filled full of jack-stones, in order to sing *behaw* anthems to the infallibi-

\* In the Indian dialect, *children*.

† A gourd-shell filled with pebble stones is a musical instrument among the Indians.

lity of government, and to execrate all self-created rascals most devoutly.

This tommahawk society was originally instituted for the purpose of scouring the chain of friendship as bright as silver ; but as self-created societies happened to come in fashion, and as a well seasoned dish of politics was smoking on the table, they thought they would have a finger in the pye. They convened and after puffing away at the calumet of peace, and burying the red hatchet, they ordered Jonathan, or perhaps he ordered himself, to proclaim to the world, that the president's censure upon self-created societies was just and sufficiently discriminative. They had a talk too about becoming the executive of the Union, and I think I discovered from the tenor of their proclamation, that there was some talk about scalping the president, as they had no desire of interfering in government unless it might be in enforcing the laws.

It was indeed a most ludicrous circumstance, to see the wigwam of this red headed and slit-eared saint, converted into a political institution. They appeared about as ridiculous as hogs strutting in silk gowns, or asses playing upon organs, and with equal propriety our Princeton sermonizer might have conducted a law-suit from the pulpit, or chimney sweeps have turned quacks to administer glisters or cure the belly-ach. But fortunately for themselves they repented, and timely repentance it was ! for being af-



sembled in solemn conclave, they compassionately abrogated the anathema against themselves and all other self-created societies.

But upon my life I had like to have forgotten my old *friend* Billy the bumble-bee, and now I am in New-York, I will send him an affectionate letter, which will be handed to him without any postage ; and if you have, Mr. Hedge-Hog, any light in your hole, I will transcribe it for your amusement.

---

TO WILLIAM WILCOCKS, ESQUIRE,

L. L. D. and Duke of New-York, &c.

*May it please your Grace,*

**I** WOULD seriously advise you with all possible expedition to prepare a mad shirt for yourself ;—for these *factionary, revolutionary, and democratic* “ wights” have fomented as dreadful anarchy in your brains, as they have done in government ; and therefore why are not these mental as well as political anarchists exterminated from the face of the earth ?

Your brains appear to be whirled round like a spinning-wheel, and you are progressing with redoubled velocity to the most exalted grade in the scale of stupidity ; nay, you are fast sinking into the vortex of madness, and

your most sanguine friends, if they are not menial sycophants, will corroborate these assertions. How dreadful is the mania of party-spirit! it deranges the intellect, and the *throne* of honesty\* is prostrated before it!

But let me dismiss this tragic strain. In listening to your last vociferation, I conceived all this mass of bombast to be suppositions (that is, not your own) and I fancied some waggish "wight" had been poking his fun at you till your paragraphical wedge arrived, wherein you adverted to Snub's "facetious" lucubrations, and his attempts to establish a kind "epistolary correspondence" with your HONOR. Now permit me, my lord, to re-wedge in this remarkable paragraph here, for the purpose of a few commentaries upon it, and this will sufficiently evince the decay of your intellect, without further quotations.

"A † *very* FACETIOUS and *cunning* WIGHT of Mr. Franklin Bache's correspondents, declares THESE SOCIETIES WERE ERECTED, to support government—THAT'S A GOOD ONE, and is

\* Alluding to the exordium of his writings against the democrats, wherein he says "It is as difficult for a party-man to be an honest man, as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle," whereby he most emphatically declares his own dishonesty at the very first dash of his pen.—It is strange what topsy-turvy writers there are in the world!

† Excuse my embellishment of your most nervous and emphatical words with capitals, &c.

H

a *certain* proof that he has not been of the CABINET COUNCIL. This *wight* has attempted to introduce a *correspondence* with me also--In the first place he must *pay* the POSTAGE; otherwise the *carrier* will, as before, have his LABOR FOR NOTHING. In the next place, he must let me *know* his place of ABODE, &c. then PERHAPS, by a *personal* communication, he may be SAVED the trouble and expence of an epistolary correspondence."

" *These societies were erected.*"

This is the most bare-faced misrepresentation (I wont say lie) I ever heard, and you must have read my declaration without your spectacles. I might have said they were *instituted* or *established* to render revolutions unnecessary; but by using the word *erected*, I do not know what idea you intended to convey. You wrote, perhaps, in your sleep; for I do solemnly declare, I never used such an expression as *the erection of societies* in all my life. *Erect* signifies to build, to raise, to set a thing upright to elevate some part of it above the earth or water; and I have heard of the erecting of perpendiculars, of houses, of bridges, &c. but the phrase *societies were erected*, is one of the most curious solecisms in composition.--Let us attempt an analysis of it, in order to see what construction it will bear. *These*

*societies*, meaning self-created societies, were erected, that is, they were built up, and perpendiculars, or bridges, or houses were made out of Democrats!!!! I think we may use three or four notes of admiration here.--- Were there any mortises or auger-holes in this structure of Democrats? I imagine your ideas about *these societies*, are quite as erroneous as the conjectures of children about the man in the moon.

“THAT’S A GOOD ONE.”

This plagiarism is Shelty’s expression in the Highland reel. *That’s a good one*, eh---that’s a good lie you mean ; nervous expression !! prime language this for comedy ! indeed I would enjoin it upon you to collect all your scrawls about you “ nothing at all,”\* not to sacrifice them at the shrine of Cloacine for the world, but (as they may be of infinite moment to posterity) to have them re-published with all typographical majesty, as a massive terror to the *factions*, on twenty-four line pica at least ; I would give you a specimen but this paper is too precious ; and if your volume should not still be of sufficient magnitude, augment it a little with pot-hooks and tramels, well interspersed with *indices*, paragraphs, sections, obelisks, semi-colons, and expletory dashes, as you are ex-

\* I think you say the people are *nothing at all*, and therefore you have been these four or five months writing about *nothing at all*.



pert at them you know ; somewhat thus,  
 ✂ THAT's ——— A ; !!! ; ! † ¶  
 G † † † ; § ; † O \* \* ——— § ——— § ✂  
 O ; † ¶ ¶ ¶ ; D ——— ✂ ✂ O † † † N  
 § § § ; E ✂ ; ———

These redoubtable characters will operate something like thunder-bolts and lightning ; or, to use another simile, like long pitch-forks, to job into that rascal's guts who would contaminate the purity of government by sacrilegious enquiry.

The novelty of such publications will bring you in plenty of pennies, in case your unparalleled news-paper fame, by some casualty, should not convert you into the President of the United States : but even admitting that electors, regardless of your transcendant merit, should be actuated by so much ingratitude as not to put you in President after Washington's death, never mind it ; because, were you exalted to the presidential dignity, you'd then be curst with eternal dumps, and your disposition would resemble that of the owl in the fable, who incessantly reviled the deity for creating the odious fun to disconcert his mice-catching.

“ A CERTAIN *proof that he has not been*  
*of the CABINET COUNCIL.*”

Sneeringly I observe. But you are wrong in your *hocus pocus* calculations and inferen-

ees this time ; your *certain proof* turns out to be a falsehood, for if you will write to the secretary of our democratic society, he will inform you that Snub has absolutely a certificate from the *Cabinet Council*.

“ Then, PERHAPS, by a *personal communication*, he may be saved the trouble,” &c.

Something like pinking here. What ! do you understand cut-and-thrusting ? and at how many yards distance can you hit a dollar with a pistol bullet ! Your teeth seems to chatter, and you squeak out this *perhaps*, as tremulously as if you were again about to be drubbed by a certain military character of New-York.

But with your leave we will expatiate a little further on this pinking clause. If I will give you my address, you will *perhaps* give me a call : cautiously for God's sake, have a care how you talk ! don't make rash promises : for I am a Herculean fisted “ wight ” as expert in combing a fellow's wool, as in wielding a pen, and if such pigmy Jupiters as you were to come buzzing into the field, and brandishing your “ NEEDLES,” by my soul you would stand no more chance than a mouse under a mountain. But to save you the trouble of coming to Philadelphia, I'll tell you what I'll do with you : come, it will terminate all disputes. — We'll have a decisive typographical battle upon some day of your fixing ; do be so obliging as to appoint it in your

next number—You shall occupy the battery at New-York as your fortress, and remember to bring down a whole squadron of saddle-bags, stuffed chock-full of Roman Capitals, French Canon, and even seventy-seven line Pica, if you can expeditiously get any of that size cast. Let your implements of war be well selected, and store your camp well with whole waggon loads of the most monstrous squashes and asses' skulls, to be discharged from some of your ponderous twenty-four pounders. I will fix my station at Paulus-Hook, from whence I shall send over some bomb-shells surcharged with exquisite combustibles, such as letters and news-papers without postage, and perhaps some of Peter Sh—t Metre's "attic salt" *smash* into your pumpkin-patch; but if any of Snub's bombs should set New-York on fire, he pledges you his word and honor he will not subvert the American government.

I remain, *my lord*, with  
ineffable affection, yours &c.

CITIZEN SNUB.

Previous to this literary excursion, I ought to have mentioned an occurrence nearly as remarkable as the toasting of sermons, that is a late critical review upon democratic societies, by Peter Pipe-Shanks, Esquire, who sticks up his tail a kimbo, and growls spitefully at those democrats who

happen to pass by his hovel while he is gnawing his bone. I regard the digressions of reviewers from their text, as ridiculous as to see grubbers run off with their hoes upon their shoulders to dance a minuet with a Dutchess. This hero of the drum-sticks, when framing a *critique* upon your beggarly bone, speaks of the Democrats, Callender and you as follows---“ He is no ordinary character ; he will, therefore, have nothing to do with any thing that is ordinary, unless it be with the democratic societies, and the author of the Political Progress.”

And again ;---“ we trace a strong resemblance between him and his opponents. Fellow-feeling should have whispered, the policy of exercising some mercy, to HIM, who, if he does not think like a democrat, certainly writes very much like one.”

Now who authorized a shaver who is just out of his A B abs, and scarcely done playing at marbles or kite-flying, to splutter up with this authoritative and magesterial tone, as though he were the criterion of right and wrong. He has hazarded several random suggestions here, which, “ with all due submission” I would request Mr. Spindle Shanks to explain.

What testimony can he adduce, in order to prove that the democrats and Callender are ordinary things, and that you Mr. Hedge-Hog are *no* ordinary thing? What can he possibly mean by *common things*? and



how has he been able to discriminate so admirably between Callender and you, Mr. Hedge-Hog? I suppose he is such a stile-monger, that he can discover blemishes with eyes as microscopic as those of a fly. But how does he ascertain the similarity between your writings and those of the democrats? If his decision is influenced by hear-say, or if he has derived all his democratic information from the mouths of old women and wood-sawyers, he is somewhat excusable; but if he forms his judgment from a contrast of the late publications of the democratic societies with your Bone, then is he the most arch-pedant and quack-critic that ever dashed ink upon paper.

And how he happens to be furnished with the knowledge that you are "no ordinary character," is a matter inexplicable, unless perhaps he has attempted a slight stroke of irony, and if he judges that you are *no ordinary character*, from your Bone, I would not even set his judgment in competition with that of a goose. By saying the democrats are common things, he appears to mimic or rather to lisp in the dialect of the compliment spouters in congress.

The only plausible construction that can be put upon his meaning is, that by *common things*, he implicated the *swinish multitude*, as contradistinguished from the *nobility*, and this new fangled appellation applied to the author of the Political Progress, induces a

forcible belief that this Peter Pipe-Shanks is one of those royal whiffets that pretend to have angels' blood in their veins.

He seems to form some pretensions to an umpirage in the present arduous conflict of news-papers, and his review is a kind of a *capias ad respondendum* to arraign, or rather a citation to summon, the democratic delinquents before his tribunal, to show cause why he should not pass sentence of condemnation against them.

In judging from the loquacity of many pert boys, I have sometimes fancied a political knowledge to be instinctive in them; but perhaps an early intercourse with sheepskins and cargoes of *fi fa's* and *ca sa's* in a prothonotary's shop, might qualify even a Tom Thumb for the office of minister plenipotentiary to some foreign court.

It is indeed a mystery how he has discovered such "a strong resemblance" between your "opponents" and you. I hope if he should ever send forth his moth to devour this production of mine, (for one might swear it would meet with no mercy) he will speak more explicitly, and not impose his enigmas and rebuffs upon the public for a solution. Ambiguity in a reviewer is, perhaps, the most incontestible proof of pedantry, and the obscurity and puerile cant of the foregoing extracts, have been the subjects of much speculation.

No doubt he has a cordial attachment to the British government, otherwise he would not have vented such a Grub-Street sarcasm upon "the author of the Political Progress," and I sincerely wish that such royal adherents as he and you, had your noses sewed to a certain part of George Guelph, where you might be surfeited with the essence of nobility, especially at the present moment of his distraction, when terror gives an involuntary impulse to the functions of nature.

Since you are so enamored with the land of roast beef, I would advise you to return immediately, in order to dance a jig with the *Sans Culottes*, who intend very shortly to sing the Marseillois hymn and la Carmagnole in the queen of isles.

You may think this a whimsical prediction or something like second sight ; but had you been told three months ago, that the Dutch would lose Holland, you would have rolled your eyes with fury ; you would have gaped with surprise then, as much as you would now, were you told that the Carmagnoles will be in England in less than six months.

Poor Mynheer the Stadtholder was so near being scorched by Gallic lightning, that he scarcely had time to put on his breeches, and the mice of the despots have scampered off with dismay and precipitation, before the lions of patriotism to—the *Lord knows where*. As for John Bull's calves, they have fled like so many whelps with cow-bells tied to their

tails into the remotest corners of Zealand, where they will not be able even to catch frogs to prolong their existence. Upon my soul it is cruel to laugh at the misfortunes of such a set of nincompoops. Poor queen of isles! one half of her inhabitants starving to death, while the resources of the invincible French are inexhaustible, and domestic plenty adds a zest to their victories. Britannia's loggerhead is ready to tear his own eyes out with phrenzy and despair; he has been humbling himself in sack-cloth and ashes; he has been mumbling over his demoniac prayers very modestly to supplicate heaven, to avert "those heavy judgments which his **MANIFOLD SINS** and *provocations* have **MOST JUSTLY** deserved;" but the sinner has not yet swallowed the last dregs of bitterness.

The Americans are too sensible of his *manifest sins and provocations*, and while the brute is perishing in his den of iniquity, they have not spirit enough to avenge the unprecedented insult that has been offered to our marine, but have crouched to the expiring monster, while the overtures of our magnanimous allies have been treated with unmerited neglect. Alas! will they connive at the indignity? Heavens! are the once celebrated Americans converted into spaniels, that fawn in proportion to their chastisement? May the "primal curse" of fate pursue the slaves of despotism!



God scourge Old England's king,  
 To earth the direful spring  
     Of tears and blood:  
 May all such rascals fall,  
 Lords, dukes, and devils all,  
     Biting the mud.

When Britain's beast shall be  
 Disrob'd of royalty,  
     Discord shall fly:  
 But while the monster's jaws  
 Fix'd at her vitals, gnaws,  
     Freedom shall die.

May he in mournful weeds,  
 Weep for his crimson deeds,  
     Ere 'tis too late:  
 His throne shall pass away,  
 His scepter'd arm decay  
     Proscrib'd by fate.

Can we conjecture, why  
 Columbia's thunders lie  
     Hush'd in their caves?  
 Is shame our destiny?  
 Do the dark fates decree  
     Insult from slaves?

Why should her patriot fire,  
 Her antient flame expire  
     While nations rise?  
 Still the brute royal raves,  
 Unchains his British slaves  
     Fierce in our eyes.

Why did just heaven ordain  
 Kings, and their miscreant train,  
     Pests to this world?  
 Deep in hell's ruthless flame,  
 Shrouded in endless shame  
     May they be hurl'd.

May the revenge of earth,  
 Suppress the pois'nous breath  
                     Of royalty!  
 Crush such presumptuous pride;  
 Bid the dark curse subside;  
                     Man shall be free.

Now what signify all the fastings and prayers of this hair-brained king for an honorable termination to his "just and necessary war" with France, if his prime minister is suffered to thwart his prayers? Poor crack-brains is put to his last shift, and not being able to extricate his political waggon from quick-sands and quag-mires, he falls down on his knees with a most pitious groan to Hercules, to implore his assistance in the moments of extremity. Let the fool put his shoulder to the wheel, and not stand with passive remorse whining for a heavenly interposion to "bless his arms."

According to the old adage, *the prayers of the wicked never prevail*; and were he to convert all the paper in his kingdom into prayer-books I do not imagine it would impede the progress of gallic victory. He and his minister resemble a couple of jack-asses that pull against each other—He is fasting upon his knees for PEACE, while the other is pulling all the members of Parliament with strings through their noses, directly into war.

They are now in the broad road to ruin, and they are ready to befoul themselves lest Tom Paine should be sent as minister pleni-

potentiary to England, to negotiate a peace for France ; but hold---their pride will be in a lower notch of humility than this : the French will not send Tom with peace to them till they have paid the uttermost farthing. *Peace* is an exotic that will not flourish in the queen of isles, if a Frenchman frown, and if the British minister continues to be actuated much longer by the stubbornness of national pride, the aristocracy of England will vanish like ice before a scorching sun.

It is diverting to observe, how the late intelligence from Holland, has wounded the sensibility of our wry-faced aristocrats, and they wriggle, and fret, and scratch as tho' they had the itch. They have lately had something like a mournful celebration of the victories of France ; a kind of tragi-comedy, in which there was a deadly conflict of discord between laughing and crying. Ho, ho, ho, groans out a king's man—British army ruined !! Haw, haw, haw, grins another—curled fools---have overrun Holland--haw, haw, haw---Rotterdam taken---he, he, he---Amsterdam taken, ha, ha---come pour out a glass---here goes---the Duke of York---one *Englishman* whip ten *Frenchmen*, as easily as I---smash all these wine-glasses into atoms with this huge decanter--and away went all the brittle ministers of Bacchus, to expiate for French success---there was boldness for you. Then they huzzaed like so many wild

Indians, or rather devils, and swilled down the brandy till they were scarcely able to crawl home on all fours.

Indeed the late disastrous intelligence has inspired such misery, that some gentle alleviate is necessary to counteract its influence ; for never was there such a tale of aristocratic woe sounded throughout the world before. I am afraid Mr. Jay's celebrated toast, "*an honorable peace to the belligerent powers*" will never be verified, and how sheepish must Lady K — look, who introduced this impish toast to a splendid throng of silk gowns, powdered wigs and gold-laced coats, that lately had a flashy kick-up in a certain magnificent ball-room. I shall not attempt to account particularly for the motion of these fine cloaths ; but I do suppose there was some mechanism within that gave the first impetus. I wonder if sign-posts or old logs would not look handsome, if they were dressed with silk stockings and ruffled shirts ! Mrs. K —'s adopted toast, was so wonderfully honored, that some brilliant dames of seraphic smiles, became so top-heavy that they could scarcely see how to dance. It gave them such an exquisite appetite that these beautiful females, made as wonderful havoc among the roast ducks, turkies, puddings, mince-pyes, and custards, as the French did in the British army : Such a clashing of knives and forks was perhaps never heard before, and the host of geese and turkies



vanished before these *fair* so miraculously, that many unfortunate gentlemen went home supperless.

The democrats, I imagine, have now had glad tidings enough, and therefore with your leave, Mr. Hedge-Hog, we will now give

#### A WORD OF COMFORT TO MRS. ROWSON.

It is as criminal for earless pedagogues to be metamorphosed into critics, as for a scape-gallows to be admitted to the communion table. Those whipping-post "gnawers" strive to devour publications as unmercifully as the knife of justice flived off their "ears," and as though the gratification of their rancor would palliate for their past disgrace.

Culprits and misanthropists are convertible terms, and when they are afflicted with the itch of criticism, they are literary abortions; because a portion of good nature is an essential ingredient in the formation of every true critic. With what propriety therefore can he, whose delinquency has rendered snarling habitual, attempt an excursion into the fields of criticism? With equal propriety might wolves be the guardians of lambs, or scorpions solicit a soft alliance with harmless doves.

Between criticism and infamy the nuses have never decreed an union, and to expose the execrableness of such an union, the heathen mythologists represented the monster

*Erichthonius* as the supernatural offspring of Vulcan, when he became enamored of Minerva.

Without any further proem, we will proceed to analyze your "*critique* on Mrs. Rowson's works," to see whether your critical talents will bear the test of examination.

This "review" as you term it, appears to be merely an expletive, in order to swell your pamphlet to a more respectable bulk; or something like a short advertisement introduced by printers, in order to complete some column in a news-paper. It is the plainest indication of mental sterility, and seems to have been subjoined, merely because you were destitute of other subject matter: you seemed to be actuated by an impulse similar to that of a blind horse, that luckily stumbles upon tufts of grass while traversing rocky mountains.

If the play of *the slaves in Algiers*, has so much excited your odium, why did you not proclaim war against it after its first exhibition last summer? The reason, I imagine, is sufficiently obvious, and from what information we have derived from your works, we are apt to judge that you were then secluded from an intercourse with the world. You might have been safely immured with some of our *honest* industrious gentlemen, who bestow their labor *gratis* to the state, and therefore your time was too precious then to

be wasted by *critiques* upon theatrical performances.

The most frivolous and fallacious mode of judging of a comedian's sentiments, is from the language dictated to his characters ; and he who would attempt to ascertain an author's principles from the language attributed to his *dramatis personæ*, is the most consummate blockhead that can possibly write. Those palpable fools, who found their decisions upon such principles, are the mere fag-ends of literature, a species of Bedlam lunatics, who excite the admiration of men in their sober senses.

By adopting your rules, I can prove Mrs. Rowson to be an advocate for slavery and murder ; I can prove Shakespeare and Otway to have been the greatest villains that ever existed : nay, I can prove an absolute absurdity, and that is, that they had all the virtues and vices, perfections, and defects, incident to human nature ; that they were demons and angels, and other inconsistencies that could only enter the imagination of boobies.

Upon the same principle, from the speeches of Ben Haffan, one of her characters, you might have scoffed at Mrs. Rowson's grammatical inaccuracy, and in fine, were you to detatch particular parts from the discordant colloquies of most plays, you might attribute to authors, the demoniac principles of traitors, robbers, and assassins.

Though she makes Fetnah say "woman was never formed to be the abject slave of man; nature made us equal with them," yet on the contrary, she makes Ben Hassan say, in his soliloquy about Rebecca, "'Tis hard indeed, when masters may not do what they please with their slaves!" and therefore from this last expression, and upon your boobyish principles, you might pronounce Mrs. Rowson to be an advocate for the debasement of her sex. From the ferocity of Muley Moloc, who exclaims "Bear them to torture: who and what am I, that a vile slave dares brave me to my face?" you might suppose the lady to be, not only an abettor of slavery, but one of the fiends of despotism; nay from Muley's charge to Olivia "Renounce your faith," asses might regard her as a Mahometan and not a Christian.

In order to render her assertion of woman's superiority altogether unequivocal as you thought, you adduced this *jou d'esprit* from her epilogue,

" Women were born for universal sway:  
Men to adore, be silent, and obey."

in order to corroborate your charge, and what does this distich prove? nothing: It is merely a fally of humor, intended to excite a smile, and not to enforce a conviction of woman's superiority. In all polite circles (with which I presume you have had little intercourse) the superiority is always ascribed to women, when in fact, they may possess an inferiority.



The best criterion by which we may judge of domestic tyranny and brutality, is that machine (I will not say man) who vaunts of an ascendancy over women. Let a man's attention to be turned to the various classes of people, and he will observe, that man's deference to women is commensurate with his refinement. But scavengers, oystermen, and the off-scourings of mankind, are ever the most jealous of woman's dominion, and the most strenuous asserters of their own supremacy.

If you have ever been fortunate enough to have a wife, no doubt the scratches of your nails were ever engraved upon her face, and she has ever been the victim of cow-skins and black eyes. If you now happen to be in a state of celibacy, all the lower classes of women, not even excluding negro wenches, ought to be as particularly cautioned against your addresses, as against the approaches of a mad dog.

In consequence of the customs and manners now prevalent in the world, there must be an essential distinction between the sexes, and man's pride and arrogance make him the most ostensible character in our creation; but can you prove that a male education would not qualify a woman for all the duties of a man?

But waving all abstract contemplations, we shall proceed to the consideration of that clause of your works, which you intended as

a signal insult to the Americans, and which exhibits such a portrait of unprovoked malice, virulence and falshood, that even misanthropy would blush in contemplating the picture. Such an attempt to stab the reputation, and to asperse the literary character of a woman, who never gave you any cause of provocation, resembles the indiscriminate fury of desperadoes in the dark, who are unkennelled for the dreary purposes of assassination.

The meanness of your stricture upon the speech of Rebecca, an American woman, is only equalled by the malevolence of your insinuation of the incontinence of a lady elevated beyond the grasp of your calumny; such low suggestions designate you as a cornuto, whose prayers have been dictated by fatal experience. I shall quote this speech together with your *critique* thereon, in order to show the *validity* of your remarks.

‘ But there are souls to whom the afflicted  
 ‘ never cry in vain; who, to dry the widow’s  
 ‘ tear, or free the captive, would share their  
 ‘ last possession. Blest spirits of philanthro-  
 ‘ py, who inhabit my native land, never will  
 ‘ I doubt your friendship, for sure I am you  
 ‘ never will neglect the wretched.’

To which you subjoin the following remark:

‘ THIS, you must know, gentle reader,  
 ‘ is a figure of speech, that rhetoricians call  
 ‘ a *strong hyperbole*, and that plain folks call  
 ‘ a d---d lie.’

The word **THIS** you intended, no doubt, should refer to the whole speech, and therefore you have denied the existence of charity, friendship and philanthropy, as attributes of the American character, for which libel upon our national dignity, you merit a little salutary correction with a good tough hickory. Caitiffs who experience none of those soft emotions of sensibility, deny the existence of those characteristics of human nature. This *critique* appears to be the ebullition of instinct; a wasp that blunts its puny sting against rocks of adamant, a polish which serves but to make them shine more resplendently. The futility of such animadversions only serves to enhance the value of her works, and your niggardly reprobation of *Mentoria* and *Charlottee*, without assigning any reason, is like hanging a man without a trial. Though Zoilous-like, you might say the works of Homer or Shakespear ought to be condemned as victims "in the chamber of a valetudinarian," yet such a sentence would never stamp an odium upon their merit. It is the province of candid criticism to enforce conviction by a display of a writer's defects, but they who found their condemnation merely upon their own caprice, are the despots of criticism and the nuisance of literature.

How callous and lost to sensibility, is the heart that would extort tears from female eyes by such envenomed shafts! I hope the lady has too much fortitude to weep; and

that she may not anticipate the stings of future malice, the heroic Snub will ever interpose his shield in her defence, because he regards her as a bright ornament to female science. Though he cannot boast of the pleasure of a personal intimacy with the lady, yet he has derived ineffable satisfaction from the labours of her pen; labours well calculated for the improvement of a heart susceptible of literary refinement.

She must not deem this vindication as officiousness or presumption, but as a candid eulogium to the intrinsic merit of works which we cannot sufficiently applaud.

It will redound to her credit if she connives at the insult; because were she to condescend to expostulate with you, it would inspire you with a fallacious sense of your own importance, and if she resolves to indulge her audience with another epilogue at her next benefit, I would particularly advise her not to mention your name. Let her attend to this injunction, lest her friendly Snub, who intends to be present, may assume the tone of censure, instead of commendation and applause.

You ought to be more cautious and circumspect in discharging your quills, or at least never venture too far from your hole; because, should you provoke the vengeance of Rowson, you would stand no more chance than insects beneath a discharge of thunder-bolts. Whiffets that seize the heels of hories often get their brains kicked out, and men walking bare-footed over hot ashes, are apt



to get their toes burnt. I presage that you will not always pass with impunity, and there will be a time when the hand of resentment will twist you from your gloomy receptacle, to be the sport of cudgels and horse-whips.

I shall now dismiss you, and lest you may growl again, I shall keep a rod in soak for your future chastisement. But I would advise you to take your departure, lest you may bite the iron of vengeance; fly to your genial climes of despotism, lest the *Sans Culottes* deprive you of your half-pay; depart by stealth, for the empyreum of liberty is too scorching for the mopes of aristocracy, whose necks have been so often trampled on. The natives of one element cannot long exist in another; birds will drown, and fish expire out of water. Slaves disciplined to oppression from their infancy, become so wedded to their yoke that they never acquire a relish for freedom, and fiend-like they vent their sarcasms against the realms of light; they are dismayed like owls that scream at the insufferable brilliance of the sun. Hogs that are dragged from their filth and mire to rooms of golden canopies and costly silks, thirst for their native excrement, as pilgrims do for living streams; and you, Mr. Hedge-Hog, emancipated from the shadow of slavery, dissolve like the ice of Greenland when exposed to Southern skies.

I NO 61

CITIZEN S N U B.